# THAT DAY WE GRADUATED.

- We've had some first-class fruitage, boys,
  'Mid all the had pears in our baskets,
  And there are several jeweled toys.
  In Memory's queer, old fashioned caskets:
  While silver morning bells will chime.
  Rome certain tones that ne'er were mated,
  From that unprecedented time—
  That grand old day we graduated!
- It was a sheaf of hopes and fears:
  A fate that came, close covered, to us;
  It was the last day of four years
  That were to build up or undo us;
  The hour we wished and dreaded most.
  From which we shrunk, for which
- From which we shruus.
  From which we shruus.
  Walted:
  That inward fear and outward boast—
  That inward fear and outward boast—
  That the old day we graduated! A thousand heads and hearts were there, With more or less discernment gifted;
- With more or less discernment gifted;
  Our enemies with hopeful stare,
  Our friends with look of kindness lifted.
  We saw gay chaplets, wondering whom
  To crown their brilliant lives were fated;
  Bouquets looked puzzled 'mid their bloom
  That fragrant day we graduated!
- And Beauty held a proclous prize
  Of sm les for our intense oblations
  And looked from many-colored oyes
  Made quizzical by old flirtations;
  And Learning glanced us through
  through
- through,
  With cold astuteness that we hated;
  We knew how much we never knew
  That trying day we graduated!
- We rose with super-student care.
  Brimful of fears and information;
- Brimful of fears and information;
  We had about ten innutes there
  To put four years in one oration.
  A thousand indements on our lives
  From that important hour were dated;
  How queer that one of us survives
  That fateful day we graduated!
- How all the sad, uneasy past
  Was wrenched from History's possession
  In cartridges of periods cast
  And lired in rounds of quick succession!
  Right's wissome look, Wrong's loathsome
  shipe,
  Were unequivocally stated;
  And lucky that which could escape
  Us all—that day we graduated!
- And when our guns were at full play.

  As o'er the creaking stage we hauled them,
  Some first class words got strayed away.

  And would not come back when we called
- tiem:
  We had to grope and stumble round
  Just where our style was most inflated;
  Humility and nerve, we found,
  Were trumps that day we graduated!
- Ah me! it was all bitter-sweet —
  That time of music, flowers and splendor
  The future life we marched to meet.
  The past, with memories rich and tender.
  A somber fragrance filled the air—
- A mournful joy, no or duplicated: Both night and morning lingered there, That changeful day we graduated!
- And when "Good bye," came, grimly sure,
  And handed us our hands at parting.
  We saw on what a lonely tour
  Of our door effort we were starting;
  We who had wrangled, schemed and fought,
  As dear old friends each other rated;
  Love twined about us, as it ought,
  That solumn day we graduated!

  —Will Carleton, in Harpar's Weekly.

#### A WEDDING MURDER.

#### Why a Toast to the Bride Was Cut Short by Death.

The first time I visited Midhampton was in pursuit of a young fellow who had em-bezzled a few hundred pounds. I traced him to the barracks, where, having spent all his money he had enlisted. Having taken the shilling before noon, he went to enjoy himself in the great manufacturing town till the evening, when he was in-atructed to return to sleep, preparatory to going before the doctor early next morn-ing, and being attested before the magis-trate. It was a nasty, cold night when I returned to the military quarters, and I was not a little pleased to find the sergeant who accompanied me an intelligent and superior man. The street in front of the barracks was a wide thoroughfare, well lit up by the shops and public houses on the up by the shors and public houses on the opposite side. Being quite a mile from the town, a black gap seemed to lie batween them and it. Three miles further on is the smaller community of Histon, and the sergeant explained to me that the roadway formed something like an irregular semi-circle, so that actually the distance, as the crow flies, was less than four miles. "The fact is," he continued, "there is a pathway across the moor which is quite a mile shorter, and foot-passengers in the daytime mostly use that way. It starts

caytime mostly use that way. It starts from the bottom end of High street, and the soldiers at 'tattoo' mostly return that way, although some of them come to rare grief when a bit 'top-heavy,' for the waste ground is full of ruts and holes, and, in the winter time, particularly, big pools are formed in which more than one warrior has closed an inglorious career. It's a dismal spot, and the mere sight of it gives me the 'blues.'"

the blues."

'There's a sentry on the back gate, then, I suppose?" I said.

"There's a sentry on the gate leading to the back of the officers' quarters, and from there another gate leading into the barrack square, but that is closed at tattoo, so that men who are late must pass the main guard. I expect that will be closed earlier to-night," continued the sargeaut, "for there are great 'goings on' among the officers."

men who are late must pass the main guard. I expect that will be closed earlier to-night," continued the sergeant. "for there are great goings on among the office and the sergeant of the sergeant and the sergeant of the sergeant and the sergeant going sergeant and the sergeant was acquainted with the young gentlement of the Third Battalino of the Midhamptonshire regiment—that is the militia—was married this morning to the Colonel's niece, and as it is the last day of the annual training, the wedding breakfast is made a general guest-night, and the fair sex are of course very well represented."

"There is no regular regiment here, then?"! I remarked.

"No; only the depot of the First Battalion, at present at the Cape."

"After a short delay I cried:

"Since It is not yet tattoo our man could manage to get in by the back gate."

"I don't think it is at all littley!" returned my companion, "unless, indeed, he made the acquaintance of some of the other men. We may, however, have a walk round. In the meantime I'll just ask the corporal to detain the youth in the guard room, should be turn up in our absence."

"Now. Captain Clayton." I began, "will reliam the front and the turn up in our absence in the collars of our overcoats. At the same instant, and before we had left the highway twelve paces, we heard something that caused the sergeant to cry:

"Halloa:"

"What's that!" I exclaimed.

"I'll yet a shot," he returned the series of the other was the same instant, and before we had left the highway twelve paces, we heard something that caused the sergeant to cry:

"Halloa:"

"What's that!" I exclaimed.

"I'll as shot," he returned.

"There's no practice going on inside just now," I proceeded.

"Not at this hour," he replied. "There must be something wrong. The sound seemed to come from behind us—the main autrance, in fact. Two years ago a sergeant, who expected being "kroken" for drunkenness, shot himself in the guard room, should be turn on the mean gate of the college of the word of the word or plantation to the col

him."

Another voice murmured something like "Serve him right." But that was not the time to make inquiries, nor the place.

We entered the spacious hall of the officers' quarters, and the sounds of women screaming and weeping could be heard on every hand. At the door of the mess room an elderly gentleman in mess costume stopped the way.

"Ah, a policeman at last," he said.

"This gentleman, said the police sergeant, "is Inspector Poynter, from Scotland Yard—fortunately here on other business."

geant, "is Inspector Poynter, from Scotland Yard—fortunately here on other business."

"This way, sir," cried the Major—forthat was this gentleman's rank. "Thank Heaven you are on the spot," and he led the way into the great room, around which a few men in uniform and private dress were stauding, pale-faced and hushed, in the presence of death. Two army doctors were leaning over the chair of the murdered man, and they had already pronounced life to be extinct.

As I advanced announced, the medical men stood aside, and I saw a stout man lying back inanimate in the circular chair which he had occupied at the feast. He was in all likelihood forty years of age, hooked-nosed, and I should imagine that his habitual expression might be termed fierce and commanding. His eyebrows were bushy and heavy, and met over the nose, while his large mustache joined short whiskers at the cods. Ghastly pale, a bluish tinge remained upon the nose and cheeks, and this seemed to indicate that his countenance was not only weather-beaten, but mæked by tokens only to be seen on the faces of those who are fond of wine and similar beverages, and who use them unsparingly.

"Will you see that nothing is moved!"

his countenance was not only weatherbeaten, but marked by tokens only to be
seen on the faces of those who are fond of
wine and similar beverages, and who use
them unsparingly.

"Will you see that nothing is moved!"
I asked the police sergeant; and having
explained the necessity of this procaution
to the Major, I examined the surroundings.
The white damask cloth in front of the
chair was crimson and wet with his heart's
blood. There were four very large and
wide windows looking toward the moorland, and the deceased man had been sitting right opposite the one at the extreme
end of the room—the ond where the head
of the table was. It was explained that
Captain Merryn—that was his name—was
in the act of rising to reply to the toast of
the bride's health, when the fatal bullet
came crashing through the window to penetrate his heart. Standing as nearly in his
then position as possible. I saw the hole in
the glass, with the numberless cracks radiating from the round center. In the
gloomy light of the space between the window and the mooriand. I discerned something like the ruins of a house. When I
had noted every thing, I informed the doctors that the body might be removed to
the Captain's bed-room, if they wished it,
and that gentlemen might take away
whatever possessions they had on the tables. Meantime, I left the room in charge
of a constable who had just arrived, and
with the sergeant proceeded to examine
the outside of the building.

Upon entering the building I notice!
that a flight of six steps led up to the hall,
and a side flight of a similar number led
down to the area and the kitchens. From
this it will be understood that although the
mess room might be said to be on the
ground floor it was still high enough to be
classed a first floor. Going out at the back
door, we descended the same number of
stross, and here I found a number of young
officers, servants, soldiers and militiamen—
the latter ill-clad, just as they had run
from their dormitories, the canteen or the
recreation rooms. The

enters it?"

As I spoke two young officers, clad in mess jackets, advanced from the ruins, and one of them said:

"We have been there"—but before I could answer I heard other words spoken in the closs vicinity which commanded my attention. although I took care not to appear to be listening. The words were these

pear to be listening. The words were these:
"Somebody has been killed—who is it?"
and before I could interfere the second
officer replied to the speaker:
"Miss Brooks—"

"Miss Brooks—" Great heavens! Not Captain Mervyn—"
The rain was coming down again, but in a dense, misty kind of way. Some men came out with lanterns, and a guard was put on the ruins at my request. I then noticed that the two young officers who had come from them, and the civilian who had spoken so strangely and suspiciously, were not only wet, but stained and splashed from head to foot. The officer who had uttered the words "Miss Brooks" had evidently fallen more than once, for his fine scarlet mess jacket was bedaubed all up one side.

one side.

Taking the first young officer and the police sergeant aside, I asked the former if he was acquainted with the young gentlement to whom his companion was now

"Not at this hour," he replied. "There must be something wrong. The sound seemed to come from behind us—the main entrance, in fact. Two years ago a sergeant, who expected being 'broken' for drunkenness, shot himself in the guard room. I hope it isn't such another case."

"Let's see," I cried, and I set off running in the direction we had come, followed by the heavier and more deliberate man in uniform.

When we got to the main gate one of the servants had just arrived from the mess, broathless from running and white with horror.

"The Colonel orders the large gate to be shut, a policeman sent for, and every man who enters after now to be detained before going to his quarters."

"Here is a police sergeant," said the sergeant of the guard, as we entered. "What's the high road to Hilston. Changing our course, we stumbled along in that direction, but when we approached the ridge gupon which we had seen the running man clearly defined, silhouette fashion, against the long line of pale blue and horror from the mess forming the ridge upon which we had seen the running man clearly defined, silhouette fashion, against the long line of pale blue and horror from the mess forming the ridge upon which we had seen the running man clearly defined, silhouette fashion, against the long line of pale blue and horror from the mess forming the ridge upon which we had seen the running man clearly defined, silhouette fashion, against the long line of pale blue and horror from the spot when what promised to be on the spot when what promised to be an other spot when what promised to be an other spot when what promised to be an its spot when what promised to be an its spot when what promised to be on the spot when what promised to be an its spot when what promised to be on the spot when what promised to be an its spot when when we reached the ridge and the ridge upon which we had seen the running along the elevated ground which

officer in uniform, I added: "Come along, sergeant," and commenced running across the spacious parade ground in the wake of the man who brought the news. I had not run quick enough, however, to prevent me from hearing one of the soldlers say:

"And so the beggar's shot at last. I always thought some one would brain him."

Another voice murmured something like "Serve him right." But that was not the

I answered. "Will you permit me to examine your paper!"

He gave the scrap up reluctantly. Turning in such a way that the light of the mess-room windows fell upon it. I saw that it was a bit of what newspaper people call a "proof." Looking closer. I perceived that the words printed formed a fragment of a verse or two. I have preserved a copy of the fragment. Here it is:

of golden day,
of moonlit night;
as autumn gray,
ing on my sight,
cease to meet,
break the spell;
on memories sweet,
Farewell! Farewell!

cease to meet, break the spell; on memories sweet. Farewell! Farewell! You will permit me to retain this," I said to Captain Clayton, who now was enabled to don his gray coat and cap.
"Of course," he said, but with a hesitation which I mentally noted.
Having elicited as much as possible from this gentieman, I found an opportunity of listening to his companion, Mr. Bromley, but the information received taillied in every particular. From him I learned that Mr. Beryl was the son of a gentleman who had been nearly ruined by the failure of a bank before his decease. Sydney had spent much of his time in London, mixing in good society, and winning the reputation of being something of a poet. Upon the death of his only parent he returned to his native place and the fragment of property left him. He still wrote verses and amused himself by having them printed for private circulation among his friends. He had long been a suitor for the hand of Miss Brooks, whose untile lived in the neighborhood. The latter, however, objected to him as a husband for his neice after the loss of his fortune, and he was finally rejected upon the circulation of certain rumors regarding the dissipated nature of his life in London.

The sergeant of police being on night duty, I requested him to be present at the changing of the guard on the ruins during the night. Then, having sent a messenger for the coroner's attendance, I walked howeward with the sergeant, and greatly to his amazement procured a constable to watch Mr. Beryl's house all night. Next morning at daylight I was at the ruins. The sergeant had not yet gone off duty, and we both began to examine the interior of the old hut together. The rain hadpassed off, and the soft mud of the night before had become glutinous. I then demonstrated clearly to the amased police sergeant that four distinct individuals had entered the place the night before, on the wind had almost certainly been a woman—a woman with a very small foot, and the boots or shoes worn were of the most fashionable make, wit

or shoes, he cried:

"You are a most extraordinary fellow, and it is, it seems to me, impossible to conceal anything from you. I suppose it is my duty to speak out," he continued, with a sigh, "and yet I feel as certain as I am that I live and breathe that Sidney Beryl is as innocent as I am."

"Sydney Beryl!" I repeated. "What of him!"

"I told you," continued the Captain, "that my friend and I entered the rained but together. Well, when we were about to leave we saw another man enter by the outer doorway. I pulled Bromley aside into the shadow, and saw Beryl pass us. He walked right into the inner room and paused for a moment to look out of the very opening from which you said last night you thought the fatal shot had been fired. We hurried out and got round toward the gate by the left of the ruin, when we met you. A moment afterward we heard Beryl speak, and saw that he must have come round by the other side."

"He very likely returned to see if he had dropped any thing on his former visit to the spot," I murmured. "Did you notice from what direction he came when you first saw him!"

"No," was the Captain's reply, appar-

"No," was the Captain's reply, apparently horrified at the web I was weaving around the verse-writing lover of Edith Brooks.
"Do you think," I proceeded to "that, supposing he was as a second to the second to the

Brooks.
"Do you think," I proceeded to ask,
"that, supposing he were the figure you
saw running away, he could have got back
to the highway in time to mingle with the
people who had gathered there!"

of some kind waiting."

"I must send around to his house and procure the boots Mr. Beryl wore last night," I murmured thoughtfully.

"That will be unnecessary," a voice replied. "The boots are here."

Looking up, I saw Mr. Beryl, pale and worn-looking, standing in front of us behind the hut.

"What do you want with them?" he inquired, proudly and with a sneer.

"I wished to discovar if you had entered this ruin last night," I replied, somewhat taken abaok.

this ruin last night," I replied, somewhat taken aback.
"You will have no difficulty in that, because I tell you I did enter there last night."
"More than once?"
"No; only once."
"Indeed."
"Indeed."
"Indeed."
"Indeed."
"Ireturnad.
"Insolent." he exclaimed

"Indeed. Do you doubt my word!"
"I do," I returned.
"Insolent," he exclaimed
But I proceeded with my examination, although I was not altogether at my ease regarding the impressions of a woman's shoes, as well as a little staggered by his manner—which, I must confess, was extremely like the manner of an innocent person falsely accused. At last I said:
"It is my duty to inform you that I may arrest you at any moment, without even the formality of a magistrate's warrant."
"I shall not run away," he said, fiercely, turning upon his heel
I mentally resolved that he would not have the chance.
I had him watched all that day. In the afternoon one of the printers he had been in the habit of employing discovered a corrected proof of a poem called "Farewell." The type had long been broken up, hut one of the verses ran:
"By the light of golden day."

vell." The type had long been broken up, but one of the verses ran:

"By the ight of golden day.

By the charm of moonlit night:
Though thour't cold as autum gray,
Thou art glowing in my sight.
Though at last we cease to meet,
Absence can not break the spell;
I must live on memories sweet.

Oh, my love, farewell! farewell!"
Although I still had mingivings I consulted the coroner and the stipendiary magistrate, and the latter ordered the arrest of Mr. Beryl at once. I had learned during the day that no suspicion led to any of the men of the militia or the depot of "regulars." The deceased was universally disliked; but the bullet which killed him was a round one, fired from an old smoothbore musket. That still might point toward Beryl; but that woman's shoes rendered me uneary, and I could not satisfy myself on the subject even when I discovered that the prisoner and the dead man had had a terrible quarrel—a quarrel that had nearly ended in a trip to Boulogne and a duel on the sands. Of course this came from the love borns to Miss Brooks; and after asking myself if the poetical Beryl had, in a fit of freasy, concluded to kill his rival. I proceeded, unsatisfied, to another query—Is there another woman in the case! and was the man the victim the assessin intended!

Returning to the barracks, I got the officers to come into the meas room again The murdered man had been sitting with his face to the window—the blinds of which were seldom or never lowered, since the whole row looked only on the blank walls ce'r the moorland—and so it was plain that the person who ast in the chair opposite him would be in the line of fire. When I asked the question I almost divined the answer:

"The bride."

Standing up as the deceased had been

English woman would resort to such a revenge!
Imade inquiries, however, and discovered that Captain Mervyn's character had been a strangely wild one. Belonging to a good family, he lived in expectation of a title and a fortune, and this, coupled with the fact that he did the bulk of the Colonel's duties, led that gentleman to use all the influence with his niece to bring about the marriage which was never to be consummated.

The name most connected with Captain Merryn's was that of Miss Ines Harman, the alsee of the stipendiary magistrate. The coroner's inquest cook place one day, and the prisoner was brought before Mr. Harman the next. Miss Harman sat at the solicitor's table, and was certainly not in her first youth. She had been very beautiful, and her eyes and hair were still black as night—the former large and brilliant. I learned that her father, who was the elder brother of the magistrate, had been in the consular service, and had married a Spanish lady previous to being transferred to Brazil. He died, and left his only daughter to his brother's care. During the magistrate's examination I became cognisant of two things. The widowed bride had persisted in being present, and early in the proceedings I saw her gaze upon the prisoner in such a way as proved to me beyond doubt that she loved him with her whole heart and soul. An hour later I happened to glance at the magistrate's niece, and beheld her looking at Mrs. Mervy k, the bride, with such an expression of concentrated hate as i never saw before or since on a human face. That look was a revelation to me, and that afternoon I went secrelly and made a cast of the incident of the local authorities, my ervices. I made the captain of the woman's shoes in the rained hut. I tried to trace them from the odd building, but the soil was snody, and the rain had obliterated all recognizable traces of any foot-marks.

I communicated with headquarters, and was ordered to remain at the disposal of the local authorities, my ervices. I made the captain of the soil was a snody, and the rain had obliterated all recognizable traces of any foot-marks.

I communicated with headquarters, and was not long before I got an opportunity of comparing one of the ladies' shoes with the cast I had made. Having formed a mold from the cast, I fitted the should be a substituted to the captain of the probably—fly from the scene of the murler, and that seems of the ladies' shoes with the cast I had most leapne

bedroom, and, changing my singuise, waited the return of the murderess.

She came upstairs lightly, and entered the apartment humming a hymn tune. The next moment a terrible scream, or rather shriek, startled the whole house. I ran down stairs and saw the unhappy women lying on the carpet insensible. The servants came rushing up, but I stood at the door and permitted no one to enter until her uncle arrived.

"You here!" he cried.

"Send the servants away, sir," I said.
He waved his hand in a stupefied kind of way, and the women gradually disappeared. Then I asked him to prepare for a great shock, and ushered him into the room. He was a man of strong nerve and undoubted intellect. He grasped the details very briefly and then we raised the murderess upon the sofa; she had burst a blood-vessel and the stamp of death was upon her brow.

"Brandy!" he said.

murderess upon the sofa; she had burst a blood-vessel and the stamp of death was upon her brow.

"Brandy!" he said.

I brought him some. He endeavored to pour some between hor set teeth. Presently she opened her great dark eyes and looked strangely and wistfully round. Her eyes fell upon the gun and the mud-stained clothes and shoes on the table.

"Ah!" she moaned, in a kind of hoarse whisper. Then, after a pause, she added with an effort: "He left me and married another! I did not mean to kill him, though. No; I wished to remove her that he might return to his first, his only lo—"

The word was never completed. When the prisoner was next brought up, an alibit was truthfully proved, and he was discharged. By the public generally this was classed among the crimes never cleared up; but Bydney Beryl and his wife—for he soon after married Edith Brooks, or Mervyn—knew, and one or two others knew at the time, the true story of the bridegroom shot through the heart.—Clacianati Enquirer.

### PARISIAN STREETS.

Labyrinthian Lanes Swept Away by the Progressive Spirit of the Century. Leaving the Rue Saint-Jacques, and Thou at glowing in my sight.
Though at last we ease to meet.
Absence can not break the spell:
I must live on memories sweet.
Oh, my love, farowell farewell?
Although I still had misgivings I consulted the coroner and the stipendiary magnistrate, and the latter ordered the arrest of Mr. Beryl at once. I had learned during the day that no suspicion led to any of the men of the militis or the depot of "regulars." The decessed was universally disliked; but the bullet which killed him was a round one, fired from an old smooth bore musket. That still might point toward Beryl; but that woman's shoes rendered ms useasy, and I could not satisfy myself on the subject even when I discovered that the prisoner and the dead man had had a sterible quarrel—a quarret that had nearly ended in a trip to Boulogne and a duel on the sanda. Of course this came from the love borns to Miss Brooks; and after asking myself if the postical Beryl had, in a fit of freasy, concluded to fill his rival. I proceeded, unastisfied to another query—is there another woman is the casel and was the man the victim the assessin intended!

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One hundred and fifty of the three hundred and sixty-five colleges in this country publish papers.

The school fund of Texas is larger than that of any ten other States in the Union.

-The Boston Evangelical Ministers

Association sends an appeal to Con-gress for protection to the Chinese on the Pacific Coast.

—The Chicago Free Kindergarten
Association is doing a good work. It
has ten kindergartens now under its
charge, with one thousand seven hundred children enrolled, the expenses
being met by voluntary contributions.
—Chicago Mail.

—Chicago Mail.
—In the First Congregational Church.
Washington, D. C., no announcements of meetings are made from the pulpit.
The notices are printed and placed in the pews, and those interested can take them home. Notices not sent in time to be printed must wait.

Washington, dispatches are that

—Washington dispatches say that most of the one million dollars neces-sary for the endowment of the new Ro-man Catholic University has already been subscribed, and that ground will be broken for the erection of buildings next spring.

—The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri writes

from India to George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, that there is now a Y. M.

Philadelphia, that there is now a Y. M. C. A. in Bombay, numbering nearly five hundred members, who are doing good religious work on the island and in the harbor. They have their own Evangelistic Hall in that city.

—Four Chinamen were lately baptized by the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Rev. Dr. T. Schley Schaff. Their names were Fong Gong, Geet Sing, Ah Fong and Wah Mok. They sought baptism of their own accord and exhibited a good understanding of the rite and the docunderstanding of the rite and the doc-

trines of Christianity.

—The following resolution was passed The following resolution was passed by the Baptist State convention of California: "We deprecate the anti-Chinese and anti-Christian spirit manifested among our people toward the Chinese, and we think it ought to increase the endeavors of the faithful in seeking the salvation of the heathen now in our midst." The convention also urged constant effort in the extension of the work of evangelization among the Chiwork of evangelization among the Chi-

-It is frequently said that "it takes ninety cents to get a dollar to the heathen." In fact diligent inquiry has shown that it costs but nine per cent to do all the home work, while the dollar is worth ten per cent. more when i gets to its destination than when it is contributed, on account of the difference of exchange being in favor of this country. So that after meeting all home expenses the dollar is worth when it reaches the place where it is used one dollar and one cent.-N. Y. Times.

—A new departure in church action is the engagement of Mrs. Goodell, the wife of Rev. Dr. Goodell, of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, St. Louis, as an assistant in the parish work of the church of which her husband was the church of which her husband was the late pastor. Soon after the death of Dr. Goodell the church requested Mrs. G. to remain in St. Louis and engage in such work as her heart and judgment may dictate and her home duties permit, and a salary of \$1,200 a year was voted her.—St. Louis Post.

—God has made man so that his eyes look forward, and not backward; and every special sense is fashioned so that it looks to that which is before, rather than to that which is behind. This is God's order; and God's order is the true one. Man is meant to go forward, not to go backward; and he is fulfilling his true destiny only as he keeps pushing onward to new attainments, leaving behind him the things that are behind, and taking hold of the things that are pefore. - Sunday-School Times.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Frogs are the greatest croakers in -N. O. Picavune.

—The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press complains that it can not find "boodle" in the dictionary, forgetful that the dictionary is not the place to look for boodle.—Boston Post.

—There is a report going the rounds that the Java coffee crop this year will be a comparative failure. Jave hear such disagreeable news? But chiccory still holds out.—Chicago Herald.

—He—"And now, Sarah, what kind of an engagement ring shall I get you?" She—"Solid gold, I guess, Henry; I'm so tired of wearing imitation gold for engagements." engagements."

—Brown was speaking of the extrav-agance of Mme. X. "She is ruining herself." he said. "She's one of those women who'd sell the very hair off her head to buy a new chignon!"—French

—Says a writer on etiquette: "Smacking the lips should be avoided." People who are experienced in such matters, however, say that it makes all the difference in the world whose lips assist in the smacking. - Boston Transcript.

in the smacking.—Boston Transcript.

—The large plaques painted by the young ladies during the past few years are of some use after all. The ladies are now, it seems, having shanks put on them, and utilizing them as buttons on their coats and dresses.—Peck's Sun.

—The Queen of Italy employs a female physician. Whenever the Queen feels a little out of sorts she sends for her physician, and the two talk about the latest fashions. This is the medicine that will cure many women.—N.

cine that will cure many women. - N.

cine that will cure many women.—N.
Y. Telegram.
—Country parson (who, in his poor old parishoner's last illness, had charitably sent him a can of milk every day from the vicarage)—"Well, Mrs. Powley, and how have you been since your sad loss?" Widow—"Yes, sir—poor Izaak!—he's gone! But afore he went, sir, he left the quart o' milk to come to me daily, poor dear!"—Pusch.
—Mr. Howells says the home of flotion is to be America. Mr. Howells has evidently been reading the newspaper accounts of storms in the West, where mules were lodged on the tops of four-story trees and halistones fell "as large as pumpkins." And yet we don't suppose the newspapers would exaggerate about a little thing like that.—Norristown Herald.

—A Dakota judge, in the course of his charge to the jury, recently touched on an important point. He said: "Although the prosecution has established the fact that the defendant's father was once a member of the Legislature, this should have no influence with you in bringing in your verdict. The unfortunate affair in the life of his father might, of course, make us look with suspicion on the family, but at the same time it really proves nothing against the defendant, as he may as deeply deplore the conduct of his paternal relative as any of us."—Estellias (D. T.) Bell.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS

IN THE HEART.

You ask where is youth's fountain, in what for distant lands Are its sparking waters flowing O'er shining golden sands?

The not where eastern rivers
Flow downward to the main
In that bright land of sunshin
You seek it all in vain.

The not in the sunny southland 'Neath fragrant orange groves. Nor yet in the shadowy solitudes The northern wild bird loves.

PRETTY POLLY.

Story of Two Parrots Which John Father Brought from Africa. When Jocko was delivered into John's hands, almost the first thing he said to his delighted little master was:
"I am Polly-Jocko; who are you?" Some of the sailors had taught him this greeting, and also to call himself "Polly-Jocko," which he generally

John had seen several grown parrots, but none like his new pet, who was of a beautiful gray color, with a bright red tail, and some soft, pinkish feathers far down on his breast. This is called an "African gray" parrot,

and is usually a fine talker. You may be sure that Jocko and John soon became fast friends, and the parrot would let John do almost any thing he pleased with him. At John's order he would lie on the floor on his back with his fact in the six restraint. back, with his feet in the air, pretending to be dead. I must confess he sometimes grew tired of keeping his eyes shut, and slyly peeped. Or he would let his master take him up and

would let his master take him up and cuddle him in his neck, as you would a pet kitten, and when John said: "Kiss me, Polly-Jocko!" the bird would put his beak close to the boy's cheek, and, touching it with his funny black tongue, would make a noise like drawing a cork out of a bottle, which was his kiss.

The gate at the entrance to the front yard had a long iron chain, and one of Jocko's principal amusements was to cling to this chain while John swung it violently back and forth. Sometimes the chain would force the bird to make a real somersault, and then he would a real somersault, and then he would scream with delight and shout: "Hur-rah, boys! Hurrah!" as he had learned

it from John.

He liked a tall wicker rocking-chair that stood by the litrary window better than any other playground, and John's father used to say it was because the cane seat and bamboo back reminded

cane seat and bamboo back reminded him of his native land.

Whatever the reason was Polly dearly loved to get out of his cage, clamber on the back of that chair, and look out of the window. He soon learned to know the postman, and when he saw him coming, would cry: "Postman's coming! Postman's coming! Eliza! Eliza being the maid, who always took the letters at the door.

He was such a gentle little creature that every body loved him. When he was walking about on the floor, even a stranger could persuade him to "come and get his head scratched," which he enjoyed like a cat. And he would "shake hands" in the most friendly way with any one who asked

friendly way with any one who asked

But he was very mischievous, too. Sometimes when John's mother had her work-basket on the table, Jocko would steal her thread, her thimble, or even her little scissors, and run off and hide them. Once the thimble could not be found. Mamma had looked for it in every place she could think of, and at last she said:

So the cage door was opened, and every body left the room but John, who sat very still with a book in his hand. Out stepped Master Jocko very daintily from his house, and began, as he often did, to talk to himself in a gentle tone:

gentle tone:
"Come, Polly! Come, Polly-Jooko!
Come! Come! Come!"

"Come! Come! Come!"

Two or three times he walked about the room, peering into this and that, then suddenly, as if he remembered something, he started for the hall door. John followed quietly, and from what hiding-place do you think that naughty bird took the lost thimble, as well as John's slate-pencil and a bit of bread? Why, from papa's overshoe, which he had left in the hall that morning! They all laughed, and then scolded Jocko, and after that they said to him so often: "Jocko can find it," that he learned to put his head wisely on one side, and say solemnly: "It's lost. Jocko can find it."

He could sing "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins" as well as John himself, and "Yankee Doodle" was one of his favorites. Often when he was alone in the room he would laugh and chuckle and talk to himself in such a funny way that I did not wonder when a servant in the house—an ignorant girl—said:

"Sure, ma'am, the burrud has an

laughed, heartily. Suddenly he clapped his hands together and said:

"I wonder if those birds would really kiss each other if I let them out together on the table!"

Then he remembered that paps had forbidden that, and his face fell.

But the little tempter who is not far away from us when we want to have our own way whispered in his car:

"Your father won't eare. He thought they would hurt each other, and yet see they are!" answered John, out loud. "That's just what paps meant, and now, as long as I know they won't hurt each other, he will not care." And, without stopping to let his conscience answer, he walked into the room, took down the cages from their hooks, set them on the big table, and opened each wire door.

For a few moments neither bird seemed inclined to take a walk, but after a little they swung themselves down by their beaks, stepped out, and began to sidle toward each other.

John was delighted. "Oh, good!" he shouted. "They are going to kiss each other!"

But, alas! there came a sudden whir of wings, and Polly King darted at poor Jocko like a little fury. Their beaks met in the "kiss" for which John had been so auxious, and the next instant Jocko stood as if stunned, with the blood dripping from his tongue. Polly had bitten it almost through, and now stood with raised crest and fluttering wings, as if trying to say: "Let me do it again!"

John was dreadfully frightened, but, at the risk of a bite, he selzed his grandmother's bird and put him back in the cage; then turned to poor Jocko, who was now screaming with pain, and fairly dancing on the table.

By this time mamma had heard the noise, and ran down-stairs to see what it all meant.

"Get a glass of water, John," she said at once, and John went sorry and ashamed at the result of his disobed!-

"Get a glass of water, John," she said at once, and John went sorry and ashamed at the result of his disobedi-When the water was brought, Jocko

When the water was brought, Jocko put his bleeding tongue in it and held it there until the blood had ceased to drip from it.

"As sinsible as a Christian, mum!" said the cook, who stood in the doorway, watching him.

Then he submitted to be put back in his cage, and what do you think he did to cure his wound? He plucked out of his own breast the soft little down that grows underneath the feathers and his own breast the soft little down that grows underneath the feathers, and fairly plastered his tongue with it, and for three days he sat very still and quiet on his perch, eating nothing, but drinking a good deal, as if he were feverish. His tengue was swellen, and hung from his beak, but he kept it constantly covered with down, which acted as lint would on a wounded man. Who do you think taught him that secret?

We all feared he would die, and John, who had confessed his own part in the little tragedy to his father, was punished enough at the thought of losing his pet through his wrong-doing.

But Jocko did not die. He got well, and we called him "Dr. Jocko," and laughed at his treating his own case so successfully.

successfully.

The lesson was a good one for John, and as for Polly King, he was never let out of his cage again during the visit, and I think he felt he was in disgrace, and did not like his punishment.

— Gene H. Underwood, in Christian

Wishing and Doing.

"If I could only have what I want by wishing for it, how happy I should

Such is the thought of many a boy who has been reading the adventures of "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," and at last she said:

"John, that naughty Jocko must have hidden my thimble. Perhaps if you let him out again, and then sit here quietly with a book, and do not say any thing to him, he will go and life of ours. The necestified in the say any thing to him, he will go and life of ours. The necestified in the say any thing to him, he will go and life of ours. The necestified in the say any thing to him, he will go and life of ours. In this human life of ours, the necessity for toll adds to the delight of possession. A bunch of crisp radishes gathered for the tea-table from your own garden-plot, upon which you have bestowed much labor, possesses for you an interest beyond any other radishes. The little doll-chair fashioned by you for sister's new doll may be much clumster than the slaborate toys furnished by the shops, but the interest of making it, and the pleasure with which brothers and sisters watched its progress have given it a value in your eyes far beyond that of any "boughten" toys. When next you are inclined to wish for any good, thank God that you have the power of laboring for it, and semember that "it is only good for God to create without toil."—S. S. Advocate.

## VISITING COSTUMES.

othen: "Jocko can find it," that he learned to put his head wisely on one dide, and say solemnly: "It's lost. Jocko can find it." He could sing "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins," as well as John himself, and the room he would laugh and chuckle and talk to himself in such a funny way that I did not wonder when a servant in the house—an ignoran girlissid:

"Sure, ma'am, the burrud has an syvil sperit in him!"

After John had been Jocko's master for a few months, his grandmother for a few months, his grandmother grandmother's name being King—was not at all like Polly-Jocko. He was a fierce, cross bird, who would let no body but his mistress touch him, and though he talked well and learned very yeasily, yet he was not a favorite, like his gentle comrade. As soon as he arrived, John's father gave orders that the two birds were never to be let out of their cages at the same time. When Jocko took his airing. Polly King must take being the bars, and when Polly King was out for a walk, Jocko must be a prisoner.

The two cages hung in the dining-room, and sometimealt was very lunny to hear the birds talk. They seemed to enjoy each other greatly, and each learned something from the other. One day John stood outside the door—for they talked best when alone—and heard his bird sing the first lines of the favorite song: "Pretty—pretty—low his, with great care, as if the learned something from the other. One how do you—do?"

To which, with great care, as if the learned something from the other. One how do you—do?"

To which, with great care, as if the learned something from the other. One how are you—on—how are you—on—with the proposed pr